This is the hag, when maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.

Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.

Merc. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie:
VVhich is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being angerd puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of, blowes vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Ro. I feare too early, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
VVith this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſde in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute; on luſtie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. VVheres Potpan that he helpes not to take away? He ſhift a trencher, he ſcrape a trencher?

1. VVhen good manners ſhall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they vnwaſht too, tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the ioynſtooles, remoue the Court cubbert, looke to the plate, good thou, ſaue mee a peece of March-pane, and as thou loues mee, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. Iboy

2. Iboy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cald for, askt for, and ſought for in the great Chamber.

3. We cannot be here and there too, chearely boyes,
Be briſk a while, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance, ſhe that makes dainty,
She Ile ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a viſor and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome gentlemen, come Muſitians play:

Muſicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, giue roome, and foote it girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the tables vp:
And quench the fier, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing daies:
How long iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man tis not ſo much, tis not ſo much,
Tis ſince the nuptiall of *Lucientio*,
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we maskt.

2. *Capu.* Tis more, tis more, his ſonne is elder ſir:
His ſonne is thirty.

1. *Capu.* Will you tell me that?
His ſonne was but a ward two yeares agoe.